

W. P. WALTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
T. R. WALTON, JR.,
BUSINESS MANAGER.
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A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Predestination.
An old-time Baptist preacher of this city, who has retired from Gospel dealing, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that caused him to think very seriously. Meeting the colored man the preacher said: "Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put in jail." "What saddle is ye ferren ter?" "The one you stole from me." "Parson, fare de Lord, I neber stole yer saddle." "Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off of the yard fence in New York, they will show themselves unfit to be delegates, and show that the Democratic party is unfit to control the political affairs of the State of New York. Mr. Tilden assumes to be the leader of the regular New York Democracy. Very well. If he is the leader that he assumes to be, let him straightway bring harmony out of the existing discord. If he cannot do this, if he cannot give peace to the New York Democracy, then let him at once retire from his assumed leadership, and make room for somebody who can do it. It is not necessary for the Democracy of New York to make converts from the Republican ranks in order to carry the State in November. All that is requisite is that the Democratic voters of New York shall unite and pull together from the foundation of the wurl!"

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about. It is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'spose I takes back de ains' keeps de saddle?" "A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you scoundrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"Parson, dar's jes a certain number of lies ter be tolle in dis wurl', an' ef I is one ob de men what is predisposed ter onn' ob dese lies hits not my fault, an' I kan't he'p hit." "You go on now and get that saddle or I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"I'll do de bes' I kin, parson, but dar's jes a certain amount ob stale saddle ter be returned in dis wurl'." If I'se one of de predisposed men, an' I b'lieves I is, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence 'bout sun-down dis evenin'." — [Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.]

A SINGULAR CASE. — A woman in Scotland lived thirty years after she was hung for the murder of her child, born while her husband was serving a term in prison. The *British Medical Journal* tells about it. After she became unconscious, the sheriff thinking she was dead, gave the body to her friends, who took it home in a wagon. They stopped at a wayside tavern to drink, and suddenly the blade of the coffin moved. They took it off and she sat up. Everybody ran away, thinking it a ghost, but one man, who insisted on bleeding her. The next day she was well enough to walk. The Scotch law executes the convict after the judgment of the court is executed, and they couldn't legally hang her again. It also absolved her from marriage, and her husband had to marry her again when he got out of prison.

VARIETY OF FOOD. — A single kind of food is not enough for the best growth, health and comfort of animals. Like ourselves, the stock which we keep, do relish a change of pasture, so to speak—and give fuller returns for the trouble of providing, than the change of a variety of foods. Coarse fodder should be mixed with that which is of a finer nature; and the highly nitrogenous feed with substances weak in nitrogen. Some farmers will feed their sheep with corn one morning and barley or oats the next, and thus keep up a continual surprise, heightened by a lick of salt now and then. It is the same love of change which makes the colt, & even the oldest horse glad when they are turned into a new field.

Benjamin Fish, of Trenton, N. J., has rounded up 94 years of a remarkable existence. He lent Commodore Vanderbilt \$1,000 when that gentleman first started out in his career; brought down the first anthracite coal that descended the Delaware in 1823; managed the old stage line and steam boat company between New York and Philadelphia, fifty-five years ago; was one of the first directors of the Camden and Amboy railroad, in 1830, and has been elected every year since. In 1833 he drove the first freight car that moved over the road between South Amboy and Bordentown. Horses were used that year. The first locomotive was imported from England; it is now standing in the shops at Bordentown, and is known as "John Bull" and "Number One." — [Railway World.]

A man gets tight to solace himself, and cuts a bad figure. A woman places herself that she gets tight to cut a fine figure.

The Oil City Derrick says: "Never kick a man when he is down," for he may get up and lick you like thunder.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, March 26, 1880.

W. P. WALTON, Editor.

The Report of the Auditor, D. Howard Smith, for the fiscal year ending October 10, 1879, has just reached us, from which we learn the following items: The total revenue received from all sources during the year was \$1,913,033.37; amount on hand at beginning of year \$253,158.99, leaving, after deducting expenditures, \$70,870.02 in the Treasury on October 10, 1879. The total amount of revenue paid by Lincoln County for the year was \$17,689.54, withdrawn from the Treasury \$15,187.77, making the net amount of revenue paid by the county \$2,501.75. The number of white voters in the State is 300,444, of which Lincoln contributes 2,390. The total negro vote is 54,909, Lincoln 684. The amount paid jurors in this county during the year was \$3,464.74, of which the Trustee of the Jury fund got \$164 commission. The total number of acres of land is 245,582,614, valued at \$183,508,259, or over \$9,000,000 less than in 1878. Lincoln has 182,538 acres, valued at \$2,609,343, average value \$14.29. Fayette county lands are valued highest in the State, the average being \$39.55 and Perry county the lowest, being but 49 cents to the acre. The colored population own 174,167 acres of land in the State valued at \$1,182,727; in Lincoln 2,602 acres, worth \$31,720, on which they raised 18,335 bushels of corn and 2,035 bushels of wheat.

The value of sheep killed by dogs during the year was \$30,178, of which Lincoln lost \$1,532. This alone ought to convince our Solons of the great necessity of a stringent dog law.

There are 379 deaf and dumb persons, 369 blind, and 794 idiots supported by the State, of which Lincoln furnishes 13, 2 and 10 respectively. The three Lunatic Asylums took \$333,000.00. The Common School received \$801,743.09, of which Commissioner Phillips drew and disbursed in Lincoln \$6,687.87. For the scalps of red and gray foxes and wildcats there were paid out \$11,021, but this amount will be saved this year, as the scalp law has been repealed.

Lincoln county pays taxes on 4,119 horses and mares valued at \$126,605, 1,007 mules, valued at \$43,709; 10,282 cattle, valued at \$50 worth to each family exempt; \$122,060, and 8,753 hogs over six months old. There were raised of corn, 508,865 bushels; of wheat, 77,427 bushels, and of hay 3,839 tons.

The total debt of the State is \$180,304,00, but the cash value of resources to pay it amounts to \$768,151.72.

HON. GILBERT C. WALKER, late Governor of Virginia, and a member of Congress from the Richmond District, now living in New York, has been interviewed as to the differences in the party in that State. He says that the rank and file of the party are not disunited; they believe in harmony and in the presence of the momentous issues involved in the coming campaign all personal grievances and ill will must sink into insignificance. They can not afford to fritter away their natural strength in private bickerings. He does not think that the delegates from New York should be instructed for any particular man, but having selected the best men as delegates, whose abilities and prominence command the respect and confidence of the whole party, to allow them to act as appears best for the success of the Democracy. Questioned as to the middle in Virginia between the Debtpayers and the Readjusters, he said that there was not the slightest doubt about that State supporting the nominee of the Democracy, provided the National Convention will act wisely, as he has every reason to believe it will. Gov. Walker is one of the truest men of the present day, and his views may be taken as honest and decided.

The appearance in Frankfort this week, of Emmett Logan, of the Bowing Green *Intelligencer*, created considerable consternation among the Legislators, and straightway they began to question themselves: "Have we, forsaken, been grabbing mileage like unto our predecessors?" But great was their joy when it was discovered that he had come merely to drink a social keg or so of beer at Luscher's with Henry Stanton.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN, who had no more business there than the man in the moon, attended the banquet given the Southern merchants at Cincinnati and made the silliest speech ever set up in type. We believe we had rather the Governor would stay at home and drive his trade of pardoning criminals, who have no cause for executive clemency, than go off and make such an ass of himself.

The *Courier-Journal* the other day published a letter from Henderson headed: "An Overwhelming Tilden Sentiment." The letter contained just forty-five interviews with Democrats, and of the number twenty-three either had no choice or were for some other man than Tilden. Very overwhelming indeed.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

It has been repeatedly stated by the *Courier-Journal* that Mr. Tilden was opposed to the Electoral Commission, that Mr. Hewett, his representative, was a base failure, and that the resolutions offered by Hon. J. Proctor Knott, which, if passed, would have placed Tilden where he rightfully belonged, in the Presidential chair, were suggested by that gentleman. The *Lebanon Times* contradicts these statements, and says that Mr. Knott was not in communication with Mr. Tilden at the time, and does not know to this day what his position was in the matter. Mr. Knott owes it to the country to refute this if he can, and we hope he will do so.

DR. E. D. STANFORD, to whose excellent management the Louisville & Nashville R. R. is mostly indebted for its many grand achievements has resigned the Presidency and the Board of Directors has elected H. Victor Newcomb, late Vice-President, in his stead. Dr. Standiford has been in bad health but is better now. His physicians have, however, advised him not to lead such an active life as he has been compelled to lead.

The cowardly Senators, afraid that if the whipping post bill passed, their hold on office would cease forever, after their present terms ended, rejected the whipping post bill on Wednesday. We shall print the ayes and nays on the bill next week, and show up those whose love for thieves is so exceedingly great as to warrant the belief that they have a fellow feeling.

We understand from Somerset that there is but little foundation for the report that Mr. O. H. Wadde, of that place, had become a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney. We hope, for his own sake, that if he has such an idea that he will abandon it. He is getting the finest practice in Somerset and can afford to wait.

We heartily endorse the candidacy of Col. Mat Walton, of Lancaster, to delegate from this district to the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati. He has done some mighty good work for the party in his county, and is thoroughly deserving of the honor.

Mr. A. G. Woods, a graduate of the State Convention and appointed delegate to the National Convention at Cincinnati. No instructions were given, but it is known that the delegates are for Tilden.

A negro was tried at Georgetown for stealing a skunk-skin, and sent to jail for thirty days. The skin was worth from forty cents. It will cost the county \$18 for jail fees, and then there are other expenses.

In view of the numerous rapes that have been committed in Washington, D. C., and the failure of the penalty of death to be inflicted, a number of women have made an appeal to have the penalty changed to castration of the scoundrels.

Twenty-one States of the Union have constitutional provision requiring a previous residence in the county or township as a qualification for voting. Indiana has not, and that is the reason the Republicans are crowding darkies into the State.

A bill to provide for a general bankruptcy law drawn by Judge Lowell, of the Boston Board of Trade, and having the approval of similar Boards of several Eastern cities has been introduced in Congress and a strong effort is being made to secure its passage.

It is said that Col. C. P. Huntington and Gen. Echols have purchased the road-bed and franchise of the Mayfield & Big Sandy Railroad for \$50,000. The purchase was no doubt made to prevent the road from being built to compete with the Lexington & Big Sandy.

The Chicago *Tribune* recently published a statement that Tilden had just paid to Hewitt and Dorshimer \$170,000 expense incurred for him during the election. The New York *Sun* has interviewed Gov. Dorshimer, and he says the story is wholly untrue. Mr. Tilden never owed him such expenses.

A determined effort to kill the deputy jailer, Paul Conlon, and make their escape, was made by the prisoners in the Lexington jail Saturday, but they succeeded in neither. Conlon was severely beaten, choked and bruised. He did not lose his presence of mind, but held to the keys with a courage most commendable.

The present husband of Alice Cates got offended at the Cincinnati *Enquirer* because of some playful allusions to him and one of the former gentlemen who occupied the same position that he now does. He scolded the city editor and attempted to thrash him, but in less than a minute he had received the worst cuffing he ever got in his life. The editors are bold and should not be fooled with.

The amount paid out of the Treasury last year for *protection* (Circuit, Criminal and Common Pleas) was \$4,898.15. This is considerably less than the years previous, but three or four times greater than they ought to be. In 1875, in Judge Owlesy's district alone, *pro tem* judges got \$2,205,24, within a little over \$100 of being as much as his own salary. The total amount expended for such judges during his term of office will have been about \$3,000.

The woman Jessie Raymond continues to dog the steps of Senator Hill with her illegitimate babe on her arms, although she has published a sworn statement that the Senator is not the father of her child. She says, however, that she was paid to make that statement, and that as the money she has got been spent she is bound to have some more. The woman bears a terrible name at home, and the case is known to all. She will probably remove to Missouri.

PERSONAL.—Dr. G. W. Brougham, of Stanfield, passed through this place on Monday on a visit to Col. Reuben Munday, of Madison county, who is reported very ill. C. S. Hughes and family, who have been visiting near Berea for three years past, left for their home at Brookfield, Lincoln county, Mo., on Monday via the Branch R. R.

Mrs. Kate Shumate, aged about eighty years, and Mrs. Jos. Spilman, aged sixty years, have lived near this place within a mile and a quarter of each other for thirty-five years past, and during that time have never met, or either been seen by the other. This is remarkable, as no ill-feeling exists between them or any of their relatives. Their husbands (Mrs. Shumate is a widow) were boon companions.

Mrs. Christiany, wife of Ex-Senator Christiany, who at present occupies the Peruvian Mission, has returned to the United States, and will institute proceedings for divorce against the old man, who says, not only punishes her in manifold other ways but frequently resorts to kicks and cuffs. On the other hand Mr. C. accuses her of being rather too free of virtue, and when the case comes up for trial the gossip may expect a fat morsel to roll under their tongues. It will be re-

membered that Mrs. C. was a young Treasury Clerk when the old fool took her to wife. Neither deserves any sympathy in their domestic troubles.

GARRARD COUNTY.

—Judge Durham has declared for Tilden. — Winchester has had another big fire—two in less than a month.

H. T. Dunn, Sr., of Lexington, died Monday in the 81st year of his age.

Pittsburg elected a full Tilden delegation to the Pennsylvania State Convention.

Kaiser William, Emperor of Germany, celebrated his eighty-third birthday last Saturday.

The proposition to divide Kentucky into two United States Judicial Districts has been abandoned.

Hon. A. H. Churchill, for many years Circuit Judge of his district, died in Elizabethtown, last Monday.

Gov. Blackburn has refused to respite Webster and Anderson, and they will hang at Louisville next week.

There is no doubt about the Republicans of Kentucky. They are for Grant two to one over anybody else.

Ex. Gov. B. McCreary has been invited to address the Literary Societies of Vanderbilt University on the 30th of May.

The new Reservoir at Louisville is just now completed at a cost of \$1,200,000, has been damaged by a leak to the amount of \$40,000.

Mr. E. H. Smith, of this county, claims against the county very small and few. Jaller's claim for past six months only one hundred and fifty dollars; the delinquent list the smallest reported years.—[So much for a good Sheriff.—ED.]

One of the hands on the construction train in jumping from the car at this place, Monday evening, was severely injured.

—The Banquet to the two thousand Southern merchants by the Cincinnatians, Music Hall, is said to have been a daughter of Hamilton Baughman, of your county.

The Post-office at this place kept by Col. Hall Anderson, was burglarized last week by boring out the back window.

Considerable money and stamps were taken. Porter Evans, a colored boy, was found with some of the money in his possession, and is now in jail awaiting his trial. Several others are suspected as accomplices.

—County Court Monday last. The day was a most delightful one, consequently a considerable number of people in town; an ordinary amount of business transacted; a large lot of cattle on the market; prices higher than usual; several lots of mutton sheep sold well; several horse trades and sales made, and a goodly show of stalls on the street. The farmers seemed jubilant over the statement of the rainy season, and the fine opportunity presented for plowing, etc.

We enjoyed very much a little trip with Judge M. H. Owlesy, Saturday last, to your town, met several of our friends that we had not seen for years, and also had a pleasant call at your office. We also took in all of the villes in the west-end of your county, along with Brierwood and Danville, and made many pleasant acquaintances. Judge Owlesy was very much gratified by the many warm assurances given him that he would be heartily supported in that section of the District.

RELIGIOUS.—The Quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church, of this place, closed Sunday evening last. We understand they had a very interesting meeting and several good sermons by Rev. Hiner. It was announced that Rev. John Sweeney, of Paris, Ky., would commence a series of sermons at the Christian Church Monday night, but by some mishap, he was not on time, and Rev. Jesse Walden preached and had one addition to the church. Mr. Sweeney arrived Tuesday evening and commenced preaching that night. He is one of the "big guns" in that church, and we hope he will accomplish much here.

—PERSONAL.—Several of the "young bloods" from adjoining cities were in town Sunday, among the number, Percival Rochester and George McAlister, of your town, Magoffin Hardin, of the Kentucky *Observer*, of Harrodsburg, John and Hugh Logan, of the same place. We have scores of fair and beautiful Madam-selles. Come and see us soon again boys. John Greenleaf and Mrs. Miller, of Richmond, were here Sunday; also Rose Young, from the same place, came down and took from his family back with him. Miss Mamie Olds is visiting Richmond. Will remain two weeks. Long while, yes! John among the newspaper men present Monday, had the pleasure of shaking the hand of Thomas R. Walton, Jr., of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* and Col. LaRue Thomas, of the *Advocate* and *Gavel*. We met Mr. Richard Warren this morning. He wears a smiling countenance since the trial in that church Monday night, but by some mishap, he was not on time, and Rev. Jesse Walden preached and had one addition to the church. Mr. Sweeney arrived Tuesday evening and commenced preaching that night. He is one of the "big guns" in that church, and we hope he will accomplish much here.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning. - - March 26, 1880.

How Man and Wife Met After Twenty Years' Separation.

One of those strange episodes in human life which makes us sometimes wonder at "the eternal fitness of things" occurred last night at the Vallejo Junction. The tide being low on the arrival of the Contra Costa, passengers for Vallejo were compelled to make quite a descent from the wharf to the boat, and the ladies required the assistance of the gentlemen present. A Mr. G., a grain speculator was doing the agreeable in this respect, and one of the last ladies to descend was overburdened with a few bundles, which he took charge of, and accompanied the lady to the cabin, where they sat and engaged in conversation. Conversation finally touched upon the nativity of each, when it was found that they were both from the same town in Kentucky. This fact made each more communicative, when he inquired her name, which was given as Mrs. G. Immediately the gentleman asked: "Have you a daughter, did you not?" "I did," she responded, "Pray, how did you know that?" "Is that daughter living?" "She is, and at present on a visit to friends at Vallejo, where I am now going."

"Merciful heavens!" he gasped, "My child!" "Sir," said the lady, rising: "what do you mean?" "Mean?" he crazily replied. "Mean! Why, I mean that daughter is my own child and" "YOU ARE MY WIFE!"

Almost overpowered at this confession, she plied him with questions, to every one of which he returned a correct answer, when she was convinced that the man was really her husband, from whom she had been separated twenty years. It seems the twain were married at Paris, Ky., in 1858, and thirteen months afterward he went to Liverpool on business. The vessel on which he took passage was wrecked and all on board were supposed to have perished. The news coming to the young wife's ears she was utterly prostrated and ordered to California by her physicians. Arriving here she took up her residence at Los Angeles. The husband was picked up from the wreck by a fishing smack and taken to some remote foreign port, where he was thrown upon a bed of sickness, which lasted some fifteen months. In the mean time he had written repeatedly to his wife, but received no answer. In his despair he concluded to risk a journey across the Atlantic. Feeble as he was he shipped before the mast on a sailing vessel, and in due time arrived in New York. From there he wrote three times to his wife but

RECEIVED NO ANSWER.

Almost frenzied at the thought that she might be dead, and being without funds and no friends, he "faced" his fare clear to Kentucky, and shortly after arrived at Paris. Inquiries throughout the town assured him that his wife had disappeared a year or so before, no one new whither. Some said she had gone in search of her husband, others that he might be dead, and others that she had gone to California. He sought the old family physician, but he had left the town some time before. Mr. G. then went to work at Louisville and made enough to bring him to California a year after his arrival in Kentucky. He searched almost everywhere for his absent wife, but without success, and finally gave her up as dead, and she had also mourned for his death. Neither, however, had married again, and last evening on board the Contra Costa was

THE FIRST INTIMATION.

Either had that the other was in existence. The now happy couple arrived here last night, and to the surprise of the friends of the lady, she introduced her husband, from whom she had been separated twenty years! But imagine her utter surprise and joy a beautiful young lady, his own daughter, whom he had not seen since she was a babe. Father, mother and child will leave to-morrow for San Francisco, where Mr. G., who is now a comparatively wealthy man, has his business, and where they will hereafter reside. -[Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.

A Mechanical Watchdog.

That the greatest ingenuity should be displayed in the invention of machinery to economize manual labor, but we do not anticipate that the builder of the future would be called upon to fit a mechanical watch dog to the street door so as to guard the house he may be required to construct. Most persons are aware that by introducing a flame of gas into an open tube whether of metal or glass, the tube will sound; in fact, we might easily produce singing flames. There are silent speaking tubes; that is to say, tubes that under ordinary circumstances, do not utter a sound, but if a door be opened a draught is created, then the glass vibrates, and the most startling noise result. A glass of this description has been contrived in which, when a jet of gas burns, the sound of a dog barking is produced, should the street door be opened. Thus may the house be guarded by a mechanical watch dog

Anecdote for Farragut.

My father, said Farragut, was sent down to New Orleans with a little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as a cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea," I said.

"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do."

"No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital!" That's my fate is it?"

I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I'll never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I'll never gamble.

And, as my God, is my witness, I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. This act settled my temporal as it settled my eternal destiny.

Sense Like a Horse.

A man, armed with a gun and a butcherknife, went into a South Arkansas newspaper office the other day and remarked to a man sitting at a table:

"Are you the editor?"

"No, sir I am the proprietor. Can I do anything for you?"

"I want to see the editor."

"On very particular business, sir?"

"No very. I simply wanted to kill him. I published an article about me last week."

"Is your other business so pressing that you have to kill him this week?"

"If it's any accommodation I can wait a few days."

"I wish you would, sir I sold him a calf some time ago, and he owes me five dollars on it. If you kill him now I'll never get my money."

"But you could take the calf back and make what he has already paid clear of all expenses."

"That's a fact," said the proprietor, musing. "I'll send a boy after him. No; that would be taking advantage of him, and he might not like it. Call around next week and I'll have him here."

The man left, and the newspaper man remarked to himself: "So much for disobeying my wife. She told me not to forget my pistols. If I hadn't played proprietor that fellow would have shot me with that old Yankee gun. I wouldn't be found dead shot with such a gun. Next week, just about the time I'm busy, the fellow will come around again with his sawed-off piece. If he only come with an Arkansas pistol I wouldn't mind it, but it would be an eternal disgrace to be killed with such a gun. After this I shall obey my wife. That woman's got horse sense, and looks into the future like a mule." -[Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

She had her hand in his, and as they promenaded up Front street she sucked a piece of striped candy, and ever and anon she would look up into his face and say, "Haint it too sweet to last?" and as we noted the look of pride which spread over his face like the opening up of a cloud rift on a cloudy day, when he gazed at the partner by his side, we knew they were on their bridal tour. She was dressed in a green dress and had her hair done up in "beau-catchers" and tied with yellow ribbons; and he wore a broad brimmed hat with a gold lace band, and his feet and legs were encased in red top boots. The last time we saw them they were sitting on a bale of cotton looking at the "kang" while they munched a piece of Candy Joe's taffy, which they licked alternately. Truly, ignorance is bliss, and it's folly to be wise.

A CRUEL HUSBAND.—The young man who shirked his duty as often as possible never succeeds in life. You may set it down at once that sooner or later he will be a drone in the great hive of human industry, living without any purpose in life and scorned by all who have willing hands, and follow up whatever they can find to do. Young men, if you want to gain the confidence and esteem of your employer, never shirk from duty. If overtaken lay in your complaints, and you will always get a hearing. If you begin life a skink you may set it down as a fixed fact that the habit will follow you through life, and instead of a "success" you will be an utter "failure." And there are enough failures in the world already.

A few days ago Geo. Ziegler, of Butler, Penn., was hunting rabbits. While passing through a piece of woods he saw a squirrel sitting on a limb, an unusual sight at this time of year. He fired. The squirrel did not drop. He fired twice more before it fell. When he went to pick it up he saw four squirrels lying on the ground. They were all joined together by a strip of flesh that passed from one to the other. Three of the squirrels were dead, and the other one died soon afterward. They were all grown and well developed.

"Do animals have fun?" asks some unobserving individual. Of course they do. When a cow switches her tail across the face of the man who is milking her, steps along just two yards, and turns to kiss him pick up his stool and follow, she has the most amused expression on her face possible, and if she can kick over the milk pail she grows positively hilarious.

If a Chicago schoolmarm gets married, that ends her usefulness, and the board of education will have her in the schools no more. It makes it very unpleasant for young men who are looking for support. -[New Haven Register.

Another Brain Racker.

For some years the following sentence has stood at the shortest into which the letters of the alphabet could be compressed:

"J. Gray: Pack with my box five dozen quails."

The above sentence contains thirty-three letters. A Utica gentleman recently improved on it as follows, using only thirty-two letters:

"Quick, glad zephyrs, waft my jewel box."

George W. Pierce, a Boston lawyer, has now forced the twenty six letters of the alphabet into a sentence of only thirty-one letters as below:

"Z. Badger: Thy vixen jumps quick at low!"

Now, we find that we can go Mr. Pierce one better, although our sentence is certainly rather whimsical, yet it is a sentence, and moreover, contains the alphabet, and only four letters additional—thirty letters in all.

"Up, lazy Job, vex and fight quick worms." We think that it is possible to introduce the alphabet into even a shorter sentence. Who will be the next to try? -[Cleveland Sunday Voice.

Here is the Cincinnati Commercial's response in twenty-nine letters: "Czar! Bugs! Wolly vixen! Jerk them p. d. q."

What Love Has Done.

In a certain district in Russia there is to be seen, in a solitary place, a pillar with this inscription: "Greater man hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." That pillar tells a touching tale, which many of you must have heard. It was a wild region, infested with wolves, and as a little party traveled along, it soon became plain that these were on their track. The pistols were fired; one horse after another was left to the ravenous wolves, till, as they came nearer and nearer, and nothing else remained to be tried, the faithful servant in spite of the exhortations of his master, threw himself into the midst of them, and by his own death saved his master. That pillar marks the spot where his bones were found, and that inscription records the noble instance of attachment. But there is another nobler still. There is another pillar, and on it I read: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be propitiated for our sins." That pillar is the Bible—the noble pillar of Scripture—written all over with loving words, and telling of salvation.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—In decorating the home married people should be careful how they arrange the pictures and chromes. The latter ornaments should be hung high to be out of range of such articles as the husband and wife may see fit to throw at each other, while in the heat of passion. Last night a misunderstanding occurred in a certain home, and the family Bible completely demolished, "God Bless Our Home," a beautiful work of art printed in nine colors.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

202 BROADWAY,
C. T. W. SANFORD, M. D.

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU HIS REPUTATION.

INVIGORATOR

The INVIGORATOR has been used in my practice and by the public for more than 35 years with unpeeled results.

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202 BROADWAY,
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ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU HIS REPUTATION.

Home - Grown Fruit Trees!

Best Varieties, True to Name.

Any person, purposing to set out an orchard, can get fruit trees at about half the usual price by consulting 378-10m.

J. B. MYERS,
Standard, Ky.

Best of Lincoln County Farmers have tried

The Champion Steel Plow

And assert that it is the best in use. The following certificates speak for themselves:

I tried an Oliver Chilled, an Avery, a Hamilton and a Champion Steel Plow, and could not give one of the latter for all the former, the former being the best.

ROBERT MCALISTER

The Champion Steel Plow is the best I ever used.

For this best of plows, call on the undersigned.

I will permit you to use it for two days, and if it does not suit you, return it.

418-10m. A. G. PENDLETON, Standard.

FINE FARM FOR SALE

Having engagements calling me constantly from home, I have decided to sell the farm on which I live, about six miles from the former and son's residence, the latter being the home of the former.

ACRES OF LAND, and a fine office building.

IN KENTUCKY. It is in a high state of cultivation and has been well taken care of.

It is a fine, strong orchard, now bearing a great variety of the choicest fruits, pears, apples, peaches, plums, etc., and is susceptible of three divisions. Blacksmith's shop, schoolhouse, two good and two fair, and is surrounded by a fine grove of trees. The house is in a high state of repair, and the outbuildings are in good condition. About 100 acres of land, good meadows and everything that could be desired. Will sell the mill or exchange for real estate in Kentucky or Tennessee. Price \$10,000.

S. E. EWING, Louisville, Ky.

ONE-HALF INTEREST IN VALUABLE MILL

PROPERTY CONSISTING OF A GRIST MILL AND CIRCULAR SAW MILL, situated on Stone River, six miles from Lebanon, Ky., and a fine residence.

These mills are new and first-class throughout, all the machinery being of the best quality.

The property is well situated for water power, convenient to market and railroad.

Will sell all or a part. Price \$800 per acre.

For further information apply to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Or to S. E. Ewing, Louisville, Ky.

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STILL TRIUMPHANT

OVER EVERY COMPETITOR!

OUR LATEST IMPROVED IS THE LIGHTEST

AND EASIEST TO USE.

WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

WE INVITE YOU TO TRY IT.

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